Cephalopoda

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Category:	M/M
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Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)
Additional Tags:	Hannigram but also MurderArtists, Original prompt was for MurderArtists but I amused myself with a Hannigram version, Both chapters are the same story, ch1 Hannigram version, ch2 MurderArtists version, Creature Fic, Tentacle Monsters, Art, Shunga, Japanese Art, Hook-Up, Aphrodisiacs, Non-Consensual Drug Use, (kinda), Will/Aiden is totally up for it, Altered States, Hallucinations, (maybe), Octopus Hannibal (possibly), Octopi & Squid, Family Secrets, Tentacle Sex, fantasies about future oviposition and eggpreg, Breeding Kink, Overstimulation, Belly Bulge, Come Inflation
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Cephalopoda

by TigerPrawn

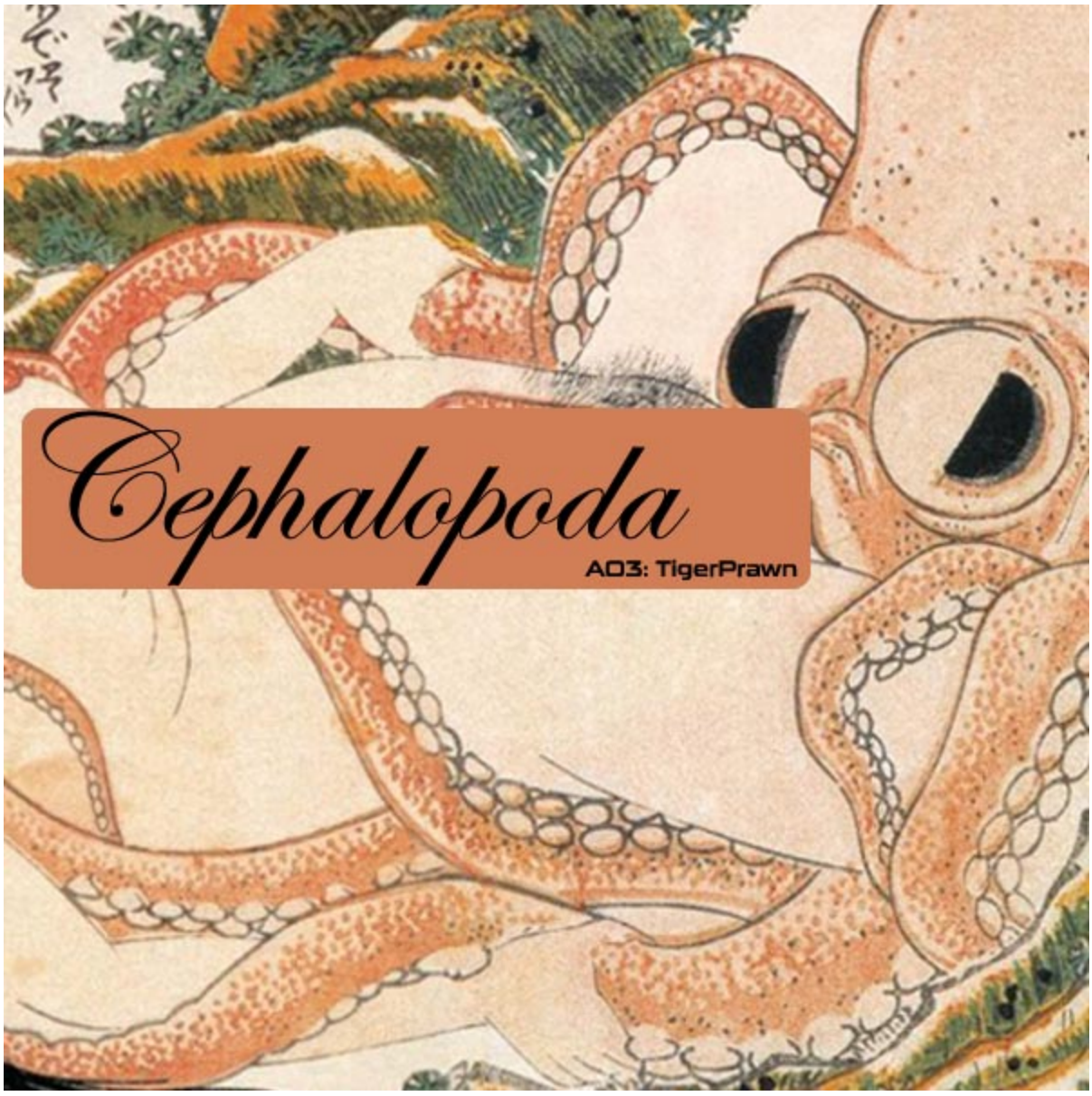
Summary

Will finds himself at an art gallery opening and meets and interesting patron of the arts. A discussion about Japanese art, fishing, and shunga leads to an unexpected evening.

Notes

In case it isn't clear from the tags. This was written as a prompt fill for MurderArtists (Hannibal x Aiden), but I liked the idea of a Hannigram version so I wrote both. Chapter 1 is the Hannigram version, chapter 2 is the MurderArtists version. For the curious: there are slight differences between the two stories as obviously the perspective and background of Will and Aiden are different, so you may enjoy reading both :)

Cephalopoda - Hannigram



Hannibal looked over the young man. At least twenty years younger than the usual patrons at these gatherings, he surely had to be a student.

Normally he made very little time for students, now that he no longer mentored at John Hopkins. Very few had piqued his interest. But this was different.

Firstly, because this was not one of *his* students, but perhaps an art student. Which might be an interesting exploration. And secondly, he was drawn to the one piece of art that Hannibal might consider buying at this opening.

A beautiful modern rendering of a shunga by a talented Japanese artist who had a few pieces in this show. But this was, in Hannibal's biased opinion, by far the best.

It showed two male youths playing in the ocean, stylised in the way of Hokusai and Utamaro, both being pleasured anally by the same generous cephalopod.

Most intriguing was that, like Hannibal but unlike all the others that had chanced to look upon it so far, the young man didn't blush.

Succumbing to temptation, Hannibal took the few steps to stand behind the young man, leaning in close to whisper conspiratorially.

"Beautiful isn't it?"

He startled and looked over his shoulder, taking a moment to eye Hannibal up. Which Hannibal couldn't help but smirk at. His eyes finally meeting Hannibal's, the young man turned back to the painting.

"Such a traditional subject matter, I don't think I've ever seen a modern take on it. Not that you could tell this from traditional shunga."

"Hmm," Hannibal mused, side stepping so that he stood next to his new acquaintance, "True in many ways, though the subjects being male is a little out of the ordinary for this subject. Albeit welcome," Hannibal added the last with a chortle and he didn't miss how the young man took a side on glance at him.

The young man didn't say anything but didn't make a move to walk away either, and so they stood admiring the art in silence as others milled around them. When another person stepped closer to take a look for a moment, Hannibal used the opportunity to move a fraction closer to the young man. This resulted in their arms brushing together, and Hannibal delighted in the way the stranger's jaw clenched in response.

"You strike me as too young to be a serious collector, can I take your interest as more academic?" Hannibal asked, his voice low. A rumble that he knew had a pleasing effect on people, not unaware of his own charms.

Charms that appeared to be working from the way the young man cleared his throat before managing to say, "Neither. I came as a favour to a friend and this piece caught my eye… What can I say, I'm a keen fisherman."

"Well, you certainly have good taste. I've been around this room twice and it really is the only piece worth looking at." Hannibal knew the young man was watching him, so took that moment to look him up and down again, a suggestive grin on his face.

When he didn't move away or respond negatively, Hannibal decided to push.

"I have several similar pieces in the private collection at my home, if you would like to view them?" Hannibal took a chance and placed his hand in the small of the man's back.

He let out a shuddering breath, leaning back into Hannibal's touch, "Now?"

"No time like the present," Hannibal purred.

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It had been a while since an opportunity such as this had arisen for Hannibal. He found himself having to conceal his eagerness at getting this man alone, in his clutches, as they left the gallery.

The drive back to Hannibal's townhouse was long enough to discover the man's name - Will Graham - and more about his background. He was not as young as he looked, old enough to have been a police officer and recently started work at Quantico. A knack for catching predators, apparently.

When they arrived at his home, Hannibal offered Will a drink and led the way through to the kitchen. He poured large glasses of wine for them both, before taking Will through to his study.

Will was instantly drawn to the Utamaro that hung behind his desk.

"It looks pretty old. Is this real, um original?" Will asked, looking at Hannibal with curiosity. No trace of concern or caution at being alone with him.

Apparently not as good a judge of predators after all. Or perhaps he enjoyed willingly being prey. An interesting thought.

Hannibal made a non committal sound and then offered, innocently, "I have several more in my bedroom, if you would like to view those."

He kept his tone completely professional, where earlier it had been suggestive. Will raised a brow and quickly lowered it on seeing Hannibal's flat expression. No threat in the offer to visit the man's most private area.

"Sure," Will said quietly, but decisively.

Hannibal led the way up the stairs, slowly enough for Will to take in the grand surroundings. He enjoyed the little exclamation of surprise and awe as they entered the bedroom, passing the complete Samurai armour he had inherited from Murasaki.

"My aunt by marriage, was from Japan. She left me many items of interest," Hannibal said by way of explanation. "As well as instilling a keen interest in me."

A small explanation all the same. Hannibal smiled softly, remembering Murasaki fondly. As fondly as she had felt about him, Hannibal was sure. About all of the Lecters and their interesting family secrets. Her personal interests and proclivities ensured that she had made a good match in his uncle as with his own parents, that much was certain.

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“Yeah…” Will breathed out the word and then bit at his lower lip.

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Will trembled at that and Hannibal knew he was far from wrong. Will’s eyes fell back to his tentacle penis once more, hunger in his gaze.

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“Would you like me inside you?” Hannibal purred, “Like one of those beautiful boys? Would you like to be one of my beautiful boys?”

Will let out a moan, closing his eyes before letting out a breathless, “Yes. Please, yes.”

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Will stood motionless, like a statue but for his panted breaths as Hannibal slowly began to undress him. He pulled his henley off over his head, admiring for a moment the silver pendant around Will's neck. Leaving it there as he held Will's gaze and undid his trousers. As he pushed trousers and underwear enough for it to drop the rest of the way, his tentacle curved around Will's thigh. He stepped closer, close enough that he could caress the crease of Will’s ass.

“Oh god…” It was barely a whisper, let out on a shuddering breath. Hannibal hummed his amusement.

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Hannibal stripped his own clothes in fluid but unhurried movements as he enjoyed watching the drug of his body take effect. Will was looking around, running his hands over the bed. Feeling the sand beneath his fingers.

As Hannibal expected, when Will's eyes fell on him once more, he gasped. But there was no fear there, there never was. Will's cock bobbed with interest despite - or perhaps because of - how monstrous Hannibal knew he must now seem.

Naked, he slid his hands forward on the bed with an aim to crawl up to Will. His fingers touched Will's feet and the boy moaned. To him they were yet more tentacles. Hannibal now utterly transformed in his mind into one of those creatures from the depth of the oceans that so fascinated the likes of Hokusai.

Hannibal travelled his fingers higher. Tentacles now, wrapping around Will, one sliding into his mouth to a throaty moan from the boy.

He constricted them slightly, enough for Will to feel the press of suckers against his flesh, without squeezing the life out of him. This was met by another moan and an involuntary jolt of Will's hips.

Hannibal smiled at Will's hard and leaking cock slapping against his thigh.

He opened his mouth, Will looking down at him, making eye contact before he sank his beak down on Will's cock.

"Oh god," Will cried out around the tentacle and pumped his hips up again, forcing Hannibal to take him deeper into his cold, wet mouth.

Hannibal grinned around Will’s cock, knowing the boy felt the sharp press of the edge of his beak. He could practically hear the thundering of blood in his veins that spoke of the thrill the contact sent through the boy, at the potential for danger should Hannibal snap his mouth shut.

Hannibal used the moment to push the thick duvet up underneath Will, raising his lower half just a little once it was back to the bed. And then he moved forward. Not having to crane too much to keep Will in his mouth as the slick tentacle between his legs snaked up and stroked over the boy’s trembling hole.

He enjoyed the sensation of Will’s moan around the appendage in his mouth, as he pushed against Will’s tightness.

It took very little to ease inside - the tip of the tentacle as narrow as a finger. He slid it slowly in, easing back out a little now and then, before pushing forward again. The sensation of Will stretching around each progressively wider inch, was extremely satisfying.

As were the responsive little moans and increasing writhing. Hannibal had rarely been with someone quite as responsive to such little stimulation. It made him curious as to how far he could push the boy. How much pleasure would it take to become torture?

Hannibal smiled, hearing the sharp gasp from Will as his beak pressed all that harder against his sensitive flesh. He sucked down on Will’s cock, letting it twitch in his mouth. And then he pushed further inside - as far as his tentacle could fill.

Will arched on the bed, crying out with tortured ecstasy, allowing Hannibal room to ease in all the more. He removed the tentacle from Will’s mouth, giving him the room he would need to breath.

And then Hannibal stilled for a moment before pumping his hips, thrusting forward so that his rigid tentacle moved deeply inside his lover. Will was moaning, clutching at the sand beneath him, wincing and crying out in turns as Hannibal fucked into him.

He felt for the boy's prostate, curling against it, rotating his tentacle until he was able to attach a sucker to it.

Will practically screamed, his hips rising from the bed again, pushing himself deep into Hannibal's throat. Hannibal swallowed around him, letting his throat work Will's glans until the boy was sobbing and shaking.

And then he came hot and thick down Hannibal's throat.

Hannibal could feel Will's balls pulsing against his chin, emptying all they could into him. Will's mouth open in a soundless scream. Hannibal was sure it was likely one of the most powerful orgasms the boy had ever had.

And whilst there was a satisfaction in that, Hannibal had no intention of stopping.

Once he had swallowed down everything Will had to give him, he pulled back. Licking up Will's cock before allowing it to fall from his mouth with a wet smack against Will's belly. Hannibal enjoyed the sight of it twitching, still leaking slightly, even as it began to soften.

"Oh god… oh fuck…" Will muttered, shaking and looking down at Hannibal with something like fear.

There was no scent of it, he was clearly too overcome to be truly scared. But Hannibal knew it to be an acknowledgement of what was to come. Will knew that Hannibal would continue to fuck him until he was sated too.

Will's head fell back into the pillows of sand and his hands came up to run over the tentacles wrapped around him. They stroked over the smooth and slick flesh before gripping tight to it as Hannibal's thrusts resumed. He pulled himself up over Will now, the weight of his bulbous cephalopod body pressing him down. Holding him in place as the tentacle slid deep, sucked on his prostate, and curled to fill every part of him.

Will's eyes rolled back in his head as he took the pounding Hannibal gave. His whole body trembling with over stimulation, tears leaking from his eyes as Hannibal worked towards his own end.

There was a strong temptation to spurt more than his seed into the boy. It would take little to push deeper and spill eggs into Will's colon. He could force at least five in there, he was sure. The thought made him thrust harder. It had been a long while since he had considered impregnating a human.

It would be so easy to squeeze those eggs in, then fuck his come just as deep in order to ensure fertilisation.

Will was openly weeping, his cock starting to stir again, painfully it would seem, as Hannibal continued to stimulate his prostate. It only made Hannibal thrust all the harder. Deeper and verging on pressing further and further into the boy.

He could already feel beneath him, the bulge of his cock under Will's skin. The sudden image in his mind's eye of Will heavy with his brood made Hannibal shudder.

When this caused Will to cry out and clench around him, Hannibal was unable to hold back any longer. Three more sharp, deep thrusts had him spilling inside Will. Enough to have fertilised a whole clutch of eggs had he gone that far. Enough that even as he drew his tentacle back, Will's belly remained swollen.

He withdrew slowly, his tentacle still pulsing and leaking. He moved back on the bed, enjoying the sight of the debauched young man as he pulled out, trailing thick come after him.

Will panted and shook, his eyes locked on Hannibal's. Defiant in their lust and expressive of the pleasure he had found in Hannibal's extremes. That much also seemed clear from how Will's cock continued to rise again.

Hannibal smirked. A very pleasant boy, with very pleasing responses. Maybe he would keep him around for a while. Maybe he might consider breeding him after all.

*

Will woke with a start.

In a strange place, and with strange dreams still clouding his mind. He looked down at the slumbering man beside him and recognised the stranger he had met the night before at the gallery opening. Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

He looked up at the wall across from the bed, at the art he had been brought to view. It seemed so vivid and alluring, like it was drawing Will to look at it again.

Instead he looked back down at the man. He seemed so soft and ordinary, bare as he was - at least as far as Will could see - the covers pulled up to his waist.

Will took a quiet breath and then slowly pulled the covers back, gently so as not to wake the man. Hannibal's flaccid cock lay elegantly against his thigh, quite normal. Will settled the covers again and closed his eyes.

It wasn't like he'd never been picked up before, and Lecter's interest had been very obvious. Will enjoyed both the man and his attentions, enough to agree to go home with him, clearly not just to view his private collection. But then they had kissed and everything had gotten trippy. Had he drunk so much? Was there something in his drink? Or… was Hannibal…

Will didn't resist the urge to slide his hand under the covers and cup Hannibal's length, feeling it start to swell in his hand as Hannibal stirred. It felt quite normal, very human. Silky soft skin, the increasingly hardening muscle beneath.

"Good morning," Hannibal murmured sleepily, but amused.

He slid a hand into Will's curls and pulled him down into a soft kiss that deepened with every passing heart beat.

Will moaned into the kiss and heard the gentle lapping of the ocean.

Cephalopoda - MurderArtists

Chapter Summary

Artist Aiden meets and interesting patron of the arts at a gallery opening. A discussion about shunga leads to an unexpected evening.

Chapter Notes

Same as before, but this time with the lovely Aiden Galvin!

Hannibal looked over the young man. At least twenty years younger than the usual patrons at these gatherings, he surely had to be a student.

Normally he made very little time for students, now that he no longer mentored at John Hopkins. Very few had piqued his interest. But this was different.

Firstly, because this was not one of *his* students, but perhaps an art student. Which might be an interesting exploration. And secondly, he was drawn to the one piece of art that Hannibal might consider buying at this opening.

A beautiful modern rendering of a shunga by a talented Japanese artist who had a few pieces in this show. But this was, in Hannibal’s biased opinion, by far the best.

It showed two male youths playing in the ocean, stylised in the way of Hokusai and Utamaro, both being pleasured anally by the same generous cephalopod.

Most intriguing was that, like Hannibal but unlike all the others that had chanced to look upon it so far, the young man didn’t blush.

Succumbing to temptation, Hannibal took the few steps to stand behind the young man, leaning in close to whisper conspiratorially.

“Beautiful isn’t it?”

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"Such a traditional subject matter, I don't think I've ever seen a modern take on it. Not that you could tell this from traditional shunga."

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The young man didn't say anything but didn't make a move to walk away either, and so they stood admiring the art in silence as others milled around them. When another person stepped closer to take a look for a moment, Hannibal used the opportunity to move a fraction closer to the young man. This resulted in their arms brushing together, and Hannibal delighted in the way the stranger's jaw clenched in response.

"You strike me as too young to be a serious collector, can I take your interest as more academic?" Hannibal asked, his voice low. A rumble that he knew had a pleasing effect on people, not unaware of his own charms.

Charms that appeared to be working from the way the young man cleared his throat before managing to say, "Neither. I'm an artist and the manager invited me, we're discussing exhibiting some of my pieces in an upcoming show. And this piece caught my eye."

"Well, you certainly have good taste then. I've been around this room twice and it really is the only piece worth looking at." Hannibal knew the young man was watching him, so took that moment to look him up and down again, a suggestive grin on his face.

When he didn't move away or respond negatively, Hannibal decided to push.

"I have several similar pieces in the private collection at my home, if you would like to view them?" Hannibal took a chance and placed his hand in the small of the man's back.

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The drive back to Hannibal's townhouse was long enough to discover the man's name - Aiden Galvin - and more about his art background. He particularly enjoyed sketching wolves and other wild animals, Hannibal discovered, which amused Hannibal on several levels. Such a sweet boy to be studying predators and seeing the fierce beauty in them.

When they arrived at his home, Hannibal offered Aiden a drink and led the way through to the kitchen. He poured large glasses of wine for them both, before taking Aiden through to his study.

Aiden was instantly drawn to the Utamaro that hung behind his desk.

“Is this real? An original print?” Aiden asked, looking at Hannibal keenly. No trace of concern or caution at being alone with him.

Apparently not as good a judge of predators after all.

Hannibal made a non committal sound and then offered, innocently, “I have several more in my bedroom, if you would like to view those.”

He kept his tone completely professional, where earlier it had been suggestive. Aiden raised a brow and quickly lowered it on seeing Hannibal’s flat expression. No threat in the offer to visit the man’s most private area.

“Sure,” Aiden said quietly, but decisively.

Hannibal led the way up the stairs, slowly enough for Aiden to take in the grand surroundings. He enjoyed the little exclamation of surprise and awe as they entered the bedroom, passing the complete Samurai armour he had inherited from Murasaki.

“My aunt by marriage, was from Japan. She left me many items of interest,” Hannibal said by way of explanation. “As well as instilling a keen interest in me.”

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“Yeah…” Aiden breathed out the word and then bit at his lower lip.

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He opened his mouth, Aiden looking down at him, making eye contact before he sank his beak down on Aiden's cock.

"Oh god," Aiden cried out around the tentacle and pumped his hips up again, forcing Hannibal to take him deeper into his cold, wet mouth.

Hannibal grinned around Aiden's cock, knowing the boy felt the sharp press of the edge of his beak. He could practically hear the thundering of blood in his veins that spoke of the thrill the contact sent through the boy, at the potential for danger should Hannibal snap his mouth shut.

Hannibal used the moment to push the thick duvet up underneath Aiden, raising his lower half just a little once it was back to the bed. And then he moved forward. Not having to crane too much to keep Aiden in his mouth as the slick tentacle between his legs snaked up and stroked over the boy's trembling hole.

He enjoyed the sensation of Aiden's moan around the appendage in his mouth, as he pushed against Aiden's tightness.

It took very little to ease inside - the tip of the tentacle as narrow as a finger. He slid it slowly in, easing back out a little now and then, before pushing forward again. The sensation of Aiden stretching around each progressively wider inch, was extremely satisfying.

As were the responsive little moans and increasing writhing. Hannibal had rarely been with someone quite as responsive to such little stimulation. It made him curious as to how far he could push the boy. How much pleasure would it take to become torture?

Hannibal smiled, hearing the sharp gasp from Aiden as his beak pressed all that harder against his sensitive flesh. He sucked down on Aiden's cock, letting it twitch in his mouth. And then he pushed further inside - as far as his tentacle could fill.

Aiden arched on the bed, crying out with tortured ecstasy, allowing Hannibal room to ease in all the more. He removed the tentacle from Aiden's mouth, giving him the room he would need to breath.

And then Hannibal stilled for a moment before pumping his hips, thrusting forward so that his rigid tentacle moved deeply inside his lover. Aiden was moaning, clutching at the sand beneath him, wincing and crying out in turns as Hannibal fucked into him.

He felt for the boy's prostate, curling against it, rotating his tentacle until he was able to attach a sucker to it.

Aiden practically screamed, his hips rising from the bed again, pushing himself deep into Hannibal's throat. Hannibal swallowed around him, letting his throat work Aiden's glans until the boy was sobbing and shaking.

And then he came hot and thick down Hannibal's throat.

Hannibal could feel Aiden's balls pulsing against his chin, emptying all they could into him. Aiden's mouth open in a soundless scream. Hannibal was sure it was likely one of the most powerful orgasms the boy had ever had.

And whilst there was a satisfaction in that, Hannibal had no intention of stopping.

Once he had swallowed down everything Aiden had to give him, he pulled back. Licking up Aiden's cock before allowing it to fall from his mouth with a wet smack against Aiden's belly. Hannibal enjoyed the sight of it twitching, still leaking slightly, even as it began to soften.

"Oh god… oh fuck…" Aiden muttered, shaking and looking down at Hannibal with something like fear.

There was no scent of it, he was clearly too overcome to be truly scared. But Hannibal knew it to be an acknowledgement of what was to come. Aiden knew that Hannibal would continue to fuck him until he was sated too.

Aiden's head fell back into the pillows of sand and his hands came up to run over the tentacles wrapped around him. They stroked over the smooth and slick flesh before gripping tight to it as Hannibal's thrusts resumed. He pulled himself up over Aiden now, the weight of his bulbous cephalopod body pressing him down. Holding him in place as the tentacle slid deep, sucked on his prostate, and curled to fill every part of him.

Aiden's eyes rolled back in his head as he took the pounding Hannibal gave. His whole body trembling with over stimulation, tears leaking from his eyes as Hannibal worked towards his own end.

There was a strong temptation to spurt more than his seed into the boy. It would take little to push deeper and spill eggs into Aiden's colon. He could force at least five in there, he was sure. The thought made him thrust harder. It had been a long while since he had considered impregnating a human.

It would be so easy to squeeze those eggs in, then fuck his come just as deep in order to ensure fertilisation.

Aiden was openly weeping, his cock starting to stir again, painfully it would seem, as Hannibal continued to stimulate his prostate. It only made Hannibal thrust all the harder. Deeper and verging on pressing further and further into the boy.

He could already feel beneath him, the bulge of his cock under Aiden's skin. The sudden image in his mind's eye of Aiden heavy with his brood made Hannibal shudder.

When this caused Aiden to cry out and clench around him, Hannibal was unable to hold back any longer. Three more sharp, deep thrusts had him spilling inside Aiden. Enough to have fertilised a whole clutch of eggs had he gone that far. Enough that even as he drew his tentacle back, Aiden's belly remained swollen.

He withdrew slowly, his tentacle still pulsing and leaking. He moved back on the bed, enjoying the sight of the debauched young man as he pulled out, trailing thick come after him.

Aiden panted and shook, his eyes locked on Hannibal’s. Defiant in their lust and expressive of the pleasure he had found in Hannibal’s extremes. That much also seemed clear from how Aiden’s cock continued to rise again.

Hannibal smirked. A very pleasant boy, with very pleasing responses. Maybe he would keep him around for a while. Maybe he might consider breeding him after all.

*

Aiden woke with a start.

In a strange place, and with strange dreams still clouding his mind. He looked down at the slumbering man beside him and recognised the stranger he had met the night before at the gallery opening. Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

He looked up at the wall across from the bed, at the art he had been brought to view. It seemed so vivid and alluring, like it was drawing Aiden to look at it again.

Instead he looked back down at the man. He seemed so soft and ordinary, bare as he was - at least as far as Aiden could see - the covers pulled up to his waist.

Aiden took a quiet breath and then slowly pulled the covers back, gently so as not to wake the man. Hannibal's flaccid cock lay elegantly against his thigh, quite normal. Aiden settled the covers again and closed his eyes.

It wasn't like he'd never been picked up before, and Lecter's interest had been very obvious. Aiden enjoyed both the man and his attentions, enough to agree to go home with him, clearly not just to view his private collection. But then they had kissed and everything had gotten trippy. Had he drunk so much? Was there something in his drink? Or… was Hannibal…

Aiden didn't resist the urge to slide his hand under the covers and cup Hannibal's length, feeling it start to swell in his hand as Hannibal stirred. It felt quite normal, very human. Silky soft skin, the increasingly hardening muscle beneath.

"Good morning," Hannibal murmured sleepily, but amused.

He slid a hand into Aiden's curls and pulled him down into a soft kiss that deepened with every passing heart beat.

Aiden moaned into the kiss and heard the gentle lapping of the ocean.

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